THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

ADVENTURES OF DOLIGNY.

From the French.

(Concluded.)

THE blush of injured modesty, which suffused her cheek as she spoke, and the collected air with which she delivered this touching address, began to interest the too zealous Tibert, and he condescended to explain to her the whole of Doligny's history. This intelligence, which to other females would have been highly gratifying, was considered by the modest Jacqueline as the most distressing circumstance which could befal her, and she burst into tears, as a thousand painful apprehensions rose in her imagination. At this moment Doligny entered: he cast a furious glance at the indiscreet Tibert, and, in a tone too imperious to be disputed, commanded him to quit the house. Then, in gentlest accents, endeavoured to compose the agitated spirits of his wife, "Alas! cried the unfortunate girl, "in what misery has not this cruel deception involved me: your family will ridicule and despise me, and use every endeavour to annul our marriage; while I am regarded, by the rest of the world, as an artful, intriguing woman. Oh! Doligny, possessed of your affection, I could have smiled at indigence; but to be branded with infamy—what can enable me to support this shock?" Doligny fell at the feet of his amiable wife; he pleaded his passion as his only excuse, and solemnly swore never to abandon her, let his friends proceed how they would. Jacqueline was for awhile soothed by his endearments, but reflection pointed out to her, that she was an obstacle in the way of her beloved Doligny's advancement in life. With tender tears she besought him to return to his family; to forget that they had ever been united. She would once more become the humble Jacqueline, and endeavour to make herself happy in the consciousness of having done all in her power to repair the mischief she had been the innocent cause of. "Dearest Jacqueline!" cried Doligny, clasping her to his heart, "that shall never be; your husband is not such a wretch. What splendour, what wealth, could compensate for the loss of such an inestimable treasure?" Jacqueline, however, per-

sisted in her design, till an unthought of circumstance occurred to them both. Jacqueline was likely to become a mother in the course of a few months, and the destiny of her innocent babe was in her hands. To deprive it of its birthright, to load it with unmerited obloquy, was what a mother's proud feelings could not submit to; and Doligny encouraged her to hope for every domestic happiness in their virtuous poverty.

The busy Tibert, irritated by the violent behaviour of Doligny, wrote to the old Marquis, with every malicious exaggeration, and demanded to know how he should act. This answer arrived too soon for the unfortunate pair: Doligny was arrested by a Lettre de Cachet, and thrown into prison, while the old Marquis commenced a legal process against his daughter, who he designated as Jacqueline, the laundress. But the attestations of several respectable neighbours, and several persons of distinction, who interested themselves in her behalf, soon set it aside; and Jacqueline was permitted to enjoy her liberty, as far as she could possibly enjoy it, bereft of her beloved Doligny, and ignorant of what had befallen him. In this state of anguish and uncertainty, she gave birth to a daughter. Her aged mother was her nurse, and their scanty purses were drained in defraying the necessary expenses. To add to the calamities which assailed them on every side, intelligence reached them that Claude had been shipwrecked returning home, and had lost all the harvest of his labour. The old Marquis, having taken precaution to be informed of whatever passed, judged this a favourable moment to carry his point; he therefore commissioned Tibert to persuade Jacqueline to resign her child to his care; in which case, he promised to provide for it, on the condition that she would retire to a convent, and resign for ever the name of Doligny, intimating that it was the wish of her husband, who had returned to his duty; though, through stronger motives of false delicacy, he would not propose it himself. Jacqueline rejected these offers with horror. "No!" cried she, indignantly, "Doligny may abandon me, but I will never desert his child: we will prosper or perish together." During these trials, the unhappy Doligny was not without his persecutions: every fabrication which art could invent, was placed before him; his wife was represented as infamous. These reports Doligny turned a deaf ear to, and with difficulty succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to his dear Jacqueline, informing her of his situation, and assuring her of his inviolable constancy.

Driven to the greatest extremity, the wretched *Marquise* was obliged to return to the poor habitation in which Doligny first found her; and to procure the means of subsistence, had recourse to her la-

borious occupation. Her child looked up to her for support, or the thoughts of her husbands infidelity would have terminated her miserable existence. It was at this particular crisis, that her beloved Doligny's letter reached her. She began to read it with trembling anxiety. She feared a renewal of the disgusting proposals that been already made to her, and clasped her babe closer to her breast, as if fearful of its being forcibly torn from her; but who can describe the wild rapture of joy which siezed the faithful Jacqueline, as she read the fond assurances of her husbands unalterable affection, who concluded with these words: "Thus, dearest Jacqueline, have they tried me every way, but their stratagems have been ineffectual. In this prison will I terminate my imprudent career, and my eyes will close in peace, while I can hear in idea, that my Jacqueline is blessing me for my fidelity.

"Die in prison!" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl; "No! Doligny, that shall not be thy fate; I will be the willing victim of thy inhuman father's barbarity." With these words, she caught up her child in her arms, and rushed into the street. It was in vain her feeble mother tried to overtake her nimble footsteps. She hurried on, her whole soul occupied with her purpose, till, faint and exhausted, she sunk at the door of the mischief-making Tibert. With trepidation she knocked, and, incapable of advancing a step, intreated to see him. Her wild mein, and disordered dress, filled the old man with alarm: his heart was not vicious, but the suggestion of worldly policy had led him into an error. "Madame Doligny!" cried he with astonishment, "what do you want here?" "Pity!" she replied, extending her hands, with an air of settled despair: "furnish me with the means to reach the residence of the Marquis: I go to offer my innocent babe, to appease his wrath, to set my husband at liberty, and breathe my last in their presence, for my heart is broken." Alarmed at her situation, Tibert led her into the house. "You have arrived, said he, at a most critical moment: the old Marquis is here on some business: a melancholy accident has detained him, and there is reason to fear that his life is in danger. Believe me, I am heartily sorry for what I have done; and if any present good offices can expiate my fault, you may command me." "I ask nothing of you," replied Jacqueline. Tell him only, that I have brought him my child, as the ranson of Doligny." Tibert was affected to tears, and quitted the room, with the infant in his arms; which he instantly carried to the bed-side of the Marquis. It was a most awful moment; the old man was approaching that hour when worldly pride must cease. He heard the recital of Jacqueline's sorrows with deep remorse, and desired the child

might be brought near enough to receive his last kiss and blessing; lamenting that his own unjustifiable severity had deprived him of embracing his son before he died. Jacqueline, who had followed Tibert into the apartment, no sooner heard this, than she fell on her knees, and bathed his head with her tears. "Poor soul!" exclaimed the Marquis, in faltering accents, "can thy gentle nature forgive thy implacable enemy? These tears scald my hand.—They strike fresh reproaches to my heart!" "My lord," said Jacqueline calmly, and rising, "it is not my intention to wound your feelings; I would whisper peace to your troubled mind. For my own part, I can forgive all your past injustice: in restoring my husband to my arms, with your blessings on our union, you amply repay me for all my past sufferings."

"Draw up my declaration, Tibert," said the Marquis, "that I may sign it while I have strength. Tibert obeyed, and in a few minutes after, the Marquis breathed his last. Tibert, as zealous in a good cause, as he had formerly been in a bad one, easily procured the enlargement of Doligny, who hastened to embrace his loving, injured, wife. Poverty no longer obscured their prospects, and the virtuous Jacqueline was an ornament to the station which fortune destined her to fill.

E. F.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

From a volume in my possession, I have transcribed the following remarkable relation—and request you will have the goodness to insert it in the Lady's Miscellany. Yours,

S. H.

A FAVOURITE dog, belonging to an English nobleman, had fallen into disgrace, from an incorrigible habit of annoying the flocks of the neighbouring farmers. One of these having, in vain, driven the depredator from his premises, came at length to the offender's master, with a dead lamb under his arm, the victim of the last night's plunder. The nobleman being extremely angry at the dog's transgression, rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to be immediately hanged, or some other way disposed of, so that, on his return from a journey he was about to undertake, he might never see him again. He then left the apartment, and the fate of the dog was for a few hours suspended. The interval, though short, was not thrown away. The condemned animal was sufficiently an adept in the tones of his master's voice, to believe there was any hope left for a reversion of his sentence. He

therefore adopted the only alternative between life and death, by making his escape. In the course of the evening, while the same servant was waiting at table, his lordship demanded if his order had been obeyed respecting the dog. "After an hour's search, he is no where to be found, my lord," replied the servant. The general conclusion for some days was, that the dog, conscious of being in disgrace, had concealed himself in the house of a tenant, or some other person who knew him. A month, however, passed without any thing being heard respecting him, it was therefore thought he had fallen into the hands of his late accuser, the farmer, and had suffered for his transgressions.

About a year after, while his lordship was journeying into Scotland, attended only by one servant, a severe storm drove him to take shelter under a hovel belonging to a public house, situated at some distance from the road, upon a heath. The tempest threatening rather to increase than abate, the night coming on, and no house suitable to the accommodation of such a guest, his lordship was at length induced to dismount, and go into the little inn adjoining the shed. On his entrance, an air of surprise and consternation marked the features and conduct of both the innholder and his wife. Confused and incoherent answers were made to common questions; and soon after, a whispering took place between the two aforementioned persons. At length, however, the guest was shown into a small parlour; a faggot was thrown on the fire, and such refreshments as the house afforded, were preparing; there being no appearance of more favourable weather allowing them to depart.

As the servant-maid was spreading the cloth, a visible tremor shook her frame, so that it was not without difficulty she performed her office. His lordship noticed a certain strangeness in the whole group, but remembering to have heard his servant mention the words "my lord," as he alighted from his horse, he naturally imputed this to their having unexpectedly a guest in their house above the rank of those whom they were accustomed to entertain. The awkwardness of intended respect in such cases, and from such persons, will often produce these embarrassments. His lordship having now made up his mind to remain that night, supper was served; when a most unexpected visitor made his appearance. Good heavens! exclaimed his lordship, is it possible I should find my poor dog alive, and in this place?—How wonderful—how welcome!—He stretched out his hand to caress his long lost favourite; but the dog, after looking earnestly at his ancient master, shrunk from him, and kept aloof, and took the first opportunity of the door being opened, to leave the room; but still

took his station on the other side of the door, as if watching some expected event.

Of the history of this animal, from the time of his elopement, little more resulted from enquiry, than that he had one day followed some drovers who came to refresh themselves and their cattle: and that appearing to be foot-sore with travelling, and unable to proceed with his companions, he stayed in the house, and had remained there ever since. This account was obtained from the hostler, who added, he was as harmless a creature as any betwixt Scotland and Ireland.

His lordship intending to rise early in the morning, to make up the time thus sacrificed to the night, which was still stormy, ordered the servant to show him to his chamber. As he passed the common room, which communicated with the parlour, he noticed the innkeeper and his wife in earnest discourse with three men, muffled up in horsemen's coats, who seemed to have just come from buffetting the tempest, and not a little anxious to counteract its effects; for both the landlord and his wife were filling their glasses with spirits. His lordship, on going to his chamber, after the maid and his own servant, heard a fierce growl, as from the top of the stairs. "Here is the dog again, my lord," exclaimed the servant. "He is often cross and churlish to strangers," observed the maid, "yet he never bites." As they came nearer the door, his growl increased to a furious bark; but upon the maid's speaking to him sharply, he suffered her to enter the chamber, and the servant stepped back to hold the light to his lord. On his old master's advancing towards the chamber, the dog drew back, and stood with a determined air of oppasition, as if to guard the entrance. His lordship then called the dog by his name, and on repeating some term of fondness, which, in past times, he had familiarly been accustomed to, he licked the hand from whose endearments he had so long been estranged.

But he still held firm to his purpose, and endeavoured to oppose his master's passing to the chamber. Yet the servant was suffered, without further disputing the point, to go out; not, however, without another growl, though one rather of anger than of resistance, and which accompanied her with increased fierceness all the way down stairs, which she descended with the same strange kind of hurry and confusion that had marked her behaviour ever since his lordship's arrival. His lordship was prevented from dwelling long on this circumstance, by an attention to the dog, who, without being solicited farther, went a few paces from the threshold of the door, at which he kept guard: and, after caressing his lordship, and using every gentle art of affectionate persuasion,

(speech alone excepted) went down one of the stairs, as if to persuade his master to accompany him. His lordship had his foot upon the threshold, when the dog caught the skirt of his coat between his teeth, and tugged it with great violence, yet with every token of love and terror; for he now appeared to partake the general confusion of the family. The poor animal again renewed his fondling, rubbed his face softly along his master's side, sought the patting hand, raised his soliciting feet, and during these endearing ways, he whined and trembled to a degree, that could not escape the attention both of the master and the servant.

"Were I apt to credit omens," said his lordship, "I should suspect from a connexion betwixt the deportment of the people of this inn, and the unaccountable solicitude of the dog, that there is something wrong about this house."—"I have long been of the same opinion,' observed the servant, "and wish, your honour, we had been wet to the skin in proceeding, rather than to have stopped here.'

"It is too late to talk of wishes, rejoined his lordship, "neither can we set off now, were I disposed; for the hurricane is more furious than ever. Let us therefore, make the best of it. In what part of the house do you sleep?'—"Close at the head of your lordship's bed, answered the domestic, "in a little closet, slipside of a room by the stairs; there, my lord,' added the servant, pointing to a small door on the right.

"Then go to bed; we are not wholly without the means of defence, you know; and whichever of us shall be first alarmed, may apprise the other. At the same time, all this may be nothing more than the work of our own fancies.'

The anxiety of the dog, during this conversation, cannot be expressed. On the servant's leaving the room, the dog ran hastily to the door, as if in hopes his lordship would follow; and looked as if to entice him so to do. Upon his lordship's advancing a few steps, the vigilant creature leaped up with every sign of satisfaction; but when he found those steps were directed only to close the door, his dejection was depicted in a manner no less lively than had been his joy.

It was scarcely possible not to be impressed by these unaccountable circumstances; yet his lordship was almost ashamed of yielding to them, and finding all quiet, both above and below, except the noise of the wind and the rain; and finding that no caresses could draw the dog from the part of the room he had chosen, his lordship made a bed for the poor fellow with one of the mats, and then sought repose himself. Neither the dog, however, nor the master could rest. The former rose often, and paced about the room;

sometimes he came close to the bed curtains, and sometimes whined piteously, although the hand of reconciliation was put forth to soothe him. In the course of an hour after this, his lordship, wearied with conjecture, fell asleep; but was soon aroused by his four-footed friend, whom he heard scratching violently at the closet-door; an action which was accompanied by the gnashing of the dog's teeth, intermixed with the most furious growlings. His lordship, who had laid himself down in his clothes, and literally resting on his arms—his brace of pistols being under his pillow, now sprung from the bed. The rain had ceased, and the wind abated, from which circumstances, he hoped to hear better what was passing. But nothing, for an instant, appeased the rage of the dog; who, finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the obstruction. There could be no longer a doubt that the cause of the mischief, or danger, whatsoever it might be, lay in that closet. Yet there appeared some risk in opening it; more particularly when, on trying to force the lock, it was found to be secured by some fastening on the inside. A knocking was now heard at the chamber-door, through the key-hole of which, a voice exclaimed, "For God's sake, my lord, let me in." His lordship, knowing this to proceed from his servant, advanced armed, and admitted him. "All seems quiet, my lord, below stairs, and above,' said the man, "for I have never closed my eyes. For heaven's sake! what can be the matter with the dog, to occasion such a dismal barking? "That I am resolved to know,' answered his lordship, furiously pushing the closet door. No sooner was it burst open, than the dog, with inconceivable rapidity, rushed in, and was followed both by the master and man. The candle had gone out in the bustle, and the extreme darkness of the night prevented them from seeing any object whatever. But a hustling sort of noise was heard at the farther end of the closet. His lordship then fired one of his pistols at random, by way of alarm. A piercing cry, ending in a loud groan, immediately came from the dog—"Great God!' exclaimed his lordship, "I have surely destroyed my defender.' He ran out for a light, and snatched a candle from the innholder, who came in apparent consternation, as to inquire into the alarm of the family. Others of the house now entered the room; but, without paying attention to their questions, his lordship ran towards the closet, to look for his dog. "The door is open! the door is open! ejaculated the publican;—then all is over!"—As his lordship was re-entering the closet, he was met by his servant, who, with every mark of almost speechless consternation in his voice and countenance, exclaimed, "O, my lord! my lord!

I have seen such shocking sights!' and, without being able to finish his sentence, he sunk on the floor. Before his master could explore the cause of this, or succeed in raising up his fallen domestic, the poor dog came limping from the closet, while a blood-track marked his path. He gained, with great difficulty, the place where his lordship stood aghast, and fell at his master's feet. Every demonstration of grief ensued; but the dog unmindful of his wounds, kept his eyes still intent upon the closet-door; and denoted that the whole of the mystery was not yet developed.

Seizing the other pistol from the servant, who had fallen into a swoon, his lordship now re-entered the closet. The wounded dog crawled after him; when, on examining every part, he perceived, in one corner, an opening into the inn-yard, by a kind of trap-door, to which some broken steps descended. The dog seated himself on the steps; but there was nothing to be seen but a common sack. Nor was any thing visible upon the floor except some drops of blood, part of which were evidently those which had issued from the wound of the dog himself, and part must have been of long standing, as they were dried into the boards. His lordship went back into the bed-chamber, but the dog remained in the closet. On his return the dog met him, breathing hard, as if from violent exercise, and followed his master into the bed-chamber. The state of the man-servant, upon whom fear had had operated so as to continue him in a succession of swoons, now claimed his lordship's attentions, and while those were administered, the dog again left the chamber. A short time after this, he was heard to bark aloud, then cry, accompanied by a noise, as if something heavy was drawn along the floor. On going once more into the closet, his lordship found the dog trying to bring forward the sack which had been seen lying on the steps, near the trap-door. The animal renewed his exertions at the sight of his master; but, again exhausted both by labour and loss of blood, he rested his head and his feet on the mouth of the sack.

Excited by this new mystery, his lordship now assisted the poor animal in his labour, and, though that labour was not light, curiosity, and the apprehension of discovering something extraordinary, on the part of his lordship, and unabating perseverance on that of the dog, to accomplish his purpose, gave them strength to bring at length the sack from the closet to the chamber. The servant was somewhat restored to himself, as the sack was dragged into the room, but every person who in the beginning of the alarm had rushed into the apartment, had now disappeared.

As his lordship loosened the cord which fastened the sack's

mouth, the dog fixed his eyes on it, and stood over it with wild and trembling eagerness, as if ready to seize and devour the contents.

The contents appeared, and the extreme of horror was displayed. A human body, as if murdered in bed, being covered only with a bloody shirt, and that clotted, and still damp, as if recently shed; the head severed from the shoulders, and the other members mangled and separated, so as to make the trunk and extremities lie in the sack, was now exposed to view.

The dog smelt the blood, and after surveying the corpse, looked piteously at his master, and licked his hand, as if grateful that the mysterious murder was discovered.

It was afterwards proved, that a traveller had really been murdered two nights before his lordship's arrival at that haunt of infamy; and that the offence was committed in the very chamber, and probably in the very bed, wherein his lordship had slept; and which, but for the warnings of his faithful friend, must have been fatal to himself.

The maid-servant was an accomplice in the guilt; and the ruffian travellers, who were confederating with the innholder and his wife, were the murderers of the remains that had been just emptied from the sack, and which were to have been buried that night in a pit, dug in an adjacent field belonging to the innholder, whose intention it likewise was to have murdered the nobleman. The innkeeper and his wife were taken up, and punished according to their deserts; and the nobleman was so affected at his miraculous escape, that he bound up the wounds of his faithful dog with the greatest care, and the balms of love and friendship were infused. The master's hour of contrition was now come: he was sorry he had ever neglected so invaluable a friend; and as the only peace-offering in his power, departed with this faithful companion from the house of blood, to that mansion he had formerly left in disgrace: where the caresses of a grateful family, and an uninterrupted state of tranquility, with every indulgence they could bestow, were regularly continued as long as he lived.

RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.

It has been frequently observed, that objects of this description, are, and have been, more safely and certainly preserved, by the worthlessness of the materials of which they are composed, than by the most scrupulous precaution, and anxious care.

Some of the most invaluable works of the ancient masters, wrought, or cast in the precious metals, and tempting the avarice of an unenlightened possessor, or the rapacity of a barbarian conqueror, have been melted down, and

for ever lost to the collector, and antiquary.

Accident, in a few instances, has preserved them, for the amusement and instruction of posterity; the following instance is too remarkable to be omitted in this place.

In the year sixteen hundred and fifty-six, a fisherman dragging his net on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, was considerably obstructed in his work, by some heavy body, which he feared would injure the net.

Proceeding slowly and cautiously, he at length drew it on shore, untorn, and on examining its contents, in the presence of several persons collected on the spot, he found that it was a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud; underneath, he observed it was a dark coloured metal, which induced him to consider it as iron.

A silversmith accidentally present, encouraged the ignorant finder in this mistake, and after a few affected difficulties and demurs, purchased it of the poor man for a trifling sum.

The crafty knave immediately carried it home, and after carefully cleaning and polishing his purchase, it proved, as he before suspected, to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds.

Fearing that so massy and valuable a piece of plate, offered for sale at one time, and at one place, might produce injurious suspicion, and troublesome enquiry; he immediately, without waiting to examine its beauties, divided his new found treasure into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of, at different and distant places.

One of the pieces, which had been sold at Lyons, falling into the hands of Mr. Mey, a wealthy merchant of that city, and a well educated man, he directly saw its value, and after great pains and expence, procuring the other three fragments, had them nicely rejoined, and this rare *unique* was at last placed in the cabinet of the king of France; of its fate, during the tumults of the French revolution, I am not informed.

The curiosity of my reader will be naturally interested, to know what it was the fisherman had taken in his net.

This relic of antiquity, precious in every point of view, and no less remarkable for its workmanship, than for the occasion on which it was made, and the extraordinary place and manner in which it was found, *had been buried at the bottom of the Rhone more than two thousand years.*

It was, in fact, a votive shield,

presented to the heroic and excellent Scipio, as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthago Nova, now the city of Carthagena, for his generosity and self-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a most beautiful virgin, to her original lover; a story familiar to most classical, and to many general readers.

EXTRACT

From an unfortunate Mother's (Lady Pennington's) advice To her daughters.

"I SHALL first give you my advice concerning *employment*, it being of great moment to set out in life in such a method as may be useful to yourselves, and beneficial to others.

"Time is invaluable; its loss is irretrievable! The remembrance of having made an ill use of it must be one of the sharpest tortures to those who are on the brink of eternity! and what can yield a more unpleasing retrospect, than whole years idled away in an irrational, insignificant manner, examples of which are continually before your eyes! Look on every day as a blank sheet of paper, put into your hands to be filled up: remember the characters will remain to endless ages, and that they never can be expunged; be careful therefore not to write any thing but what you may read with pleasure a thousand years after. I would not be understood in a sense so strict as might debar you from any innocent amusement, suitable to your age, and agreeable to your inclination. Diversions, properly regulated, are not only allowable, but are absolutely necessary to youth, and are never criminal, but when taken to excess; that is, when they engross the whole thought, when they are made the chief business of life: they then give a distaste to every valuable employment, and by a sort of infatuation, leaves the mind in a state of restless impatience, from the conclusion of one, till the commencement of the other. This is the unfortunate disposition of many. Guard most carefully against it, for nothing can be attended with more pernicious consequences. A little observation will convince you that there is not, among the human species, a set of more miserable beings, than those who cannot live out of a constant succession of diversions. These people have no comprehension of the more satisfactory pleasures to be found in retirement: thought is insupportable, and consequently, solitude must be intolerable to them; they are a burden to themselves, and a pest to their acquaintance, by vainly seeking for happiness in company, where they are seldom acceptable. I say vainly, for true happiness exists only in the mind, nothing foreign can give it. The utmost to be attained by what is called a gay life, is a short forgetfulness of misery, to be felt with accumulated anguish in every interval of reflection. This rest

less temper is frequently the product of a too eager pursuit of pleasure in the early part of life, to the neglect of those valuable improvements which would lay the foundation of a more solid and permanent felicity. Youth is the season for diversion; but it is also the season for acquiring knowledge, and for fixing useful habits, and for laying in a stock of such well-chosen materials, as may grow into a serene happiness, which will increase with every added year of life, and will bloom in the fullest perfection in the decline of it.'

In the fifth volume of this Miscellany we published the following mournfully descriptive and affecting relation. We are, at this time, solicited to republish it.

THE DYING INFANT.

The taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awaked from a momentary slumber, to renew her anguish: she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly turning in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard, except the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short deep breath of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment, when a sigh or a struggle should announce that hope and life had together taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation—it was the expiring infant's favourite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care, and as the sad presage of its fate, it now expired! The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distress, the candle ceased to burn, the father seized his infant's hand—the mother felt for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold!

If two negatives make an affirmative, what will half a dozen negatives make? A market woman going over Roxbury Neck, near Boston, observed she had left a box at some of the shops in town, the lid only being left in the cart. She sent her husband back, to enquire among a few shops, where she must have left it. With an anxious inquisitive countenance, he asked in several stores—*Nobody don't know nothing about no box that nobody left here with no* kiver *on, as nobody knows on, does there?*

ABSENCE OF MIND.

All absent people are favourably received in the world. Every one loves them, not only because they divert them, and continually furnish new subjects of conversation, but because they are incapable of dissimulation and deceit.

IDEAS FOR SALE !

AND

Composition done at the shortest Notice.

TIMOTHY ERUDITIO, of the city of New-York, offers his services in the line of his profession—begs leave to inform merchants, mechanics, and masters of vessels, that he will accommodate them with elegant eulogiums of their goods, workmanship, and knowledge of navigation. For keepers of hotels, and public houses, he will compose magnificent descriptions of their apartments, stables, out-houses, and all the appurtenances belonging to their respective establishments, and also of their capacity to entertain their guests with facetious and instructive discourse. Young gentlemen about leaving College, who wish to have their commencement pieces written, he will serve—and pledges himself to furnish them with such declamation, as upon delivery will shortly put them in a foam, and affect their audience after an extraordinary manner—he however, positively stipulates not seriously to endanger their health. All apothecaries will find their advantage in calling on Mr. Eruditio, as he will write their advertisements with great confidence and pomposity, and can easily pen certificates of the efficacy of their medicines ; and for all quack doctors, he will write controversial pieces on medical subjects, (both pro. and con.) for the newspapers, by which the community shall be persuaded that each of the disputants is a very astonishing physician. Servants who want places, will be supplied with characters, describing them as possessing any qualities they may think fit to request, except that no man will be described as coachman, except he has actually ridden on horseback ; and that no man will be described as cook, except he has been present at the cooking of victuals.

New-York, August 2.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week—viz. adults 22 children 66—Total 88.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday morning, in St. John's Church, by the rev Bishop Moore, Mr. Henry Major, of the house of Major, Gillespie, and Titus, to Miss Jane Moore, second daughter of Dr. William Moore, all of this city.

On Monday evening, by the reverend Dr Rodgers, the rev. Alexander Gunn, to Miss Sarah Nichols.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr Abeel, Mr Henry Whitney, to Miss Mary Suydam, daughter of H. Suydam, Esq of Hallet's Cove, Long-Island.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr Miller, Mr. Henry Longley, to Miss Elizabeth Tofts.

On Tuesday, by the rev. Dr Miller, Mr. Dominick Crassous, of Martinique, to Miss Eliza Wilkie, daughter of Mr. Edward Wilkie, of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Frances Ireland —On Monday, Mrs. Mary B. Lloyd, wife of Mr. Paul B. Lloyd —On Thursday, 21st ult. Mr. Wm. Tabele.

From the American Citizen.

The respectable readers of this publication will rejoice that the "Harp" of CLARA is not "hung upon the Willow. The accompanying lines, refreshing as sweet sleep, are beautifully descriptive of the nature and hues of the Flower which they celebrate.

LINES

Deposited on the pillow of a friend, with some Poppies. The well-known property of this flower, is to procure sleep.

BLEST Flow'rs! while to my lips I press
Your proudly brilliant scarlet glow,
Oh! be ye mov'd, by soft caress,
And now the boon I beg bestow.

For I, your swelling buds have nurs'd,
For I, have watch'd your op'ning bloom;
And as ye fade, for fade ye must,
Have destin'd ye, an envied tomb.

Haste then, fair flowers, the pillow strew
Where Zelia droops her pensive head;
Steep every sense in Lethean dew,
And spread sweet slumber round her bed.

While 'midst that slumber, visions, gay
As youth's first hopes, or love's first smile,
Their evanescent charms display,
And sooth with quickly varying wile.

So may your buds, untouch'd remain,
Nor pluck'd unworthy, deeper glow;
When giddy folly, loud and vain,
Would deck the object of his vow.

Light o'er your forms, his glance shall rove,
Nor heed the virtues they contain—
Dear flowers! the aid of suffering love,
Of friendship's sympathetic pain!

A nobler doom to you is given;
Pale sickness asks of you repose;
For pining grief ye open heaven,
And speak oblivion to his woes.

And oft affection, too, shall prove,
Oft claim, like me, your healing pow'r,
To close the languid orbs we love,
And steal, from care, one blissful hour,

CLARA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

HORACE, Ode 5th, Book 1st.

TO PYRRHA.

They are miserable who are her lovers: as for his own part, he has escaped from the fascination of her charms, as from a shipwreck.

WHAT tender youth, with graceful smiles,
Reposses, Phyrra, in your wiles;
For whom, within some grotto's shade,
Or on a bed of roses laid,
Your golden hair you gently braid.
Ah, he will mourn your changing love,
And blame the fickle gods above.
He who loves you, oft must dread
The clouds collecting o'er his head,
Whilst tempests over ocean spread.
He who hopes in you to find,
A disengaged and constant mind,
Is ignorant of the faithless gale,
Which gently seems to swell his sail,

But he must know you sure must fail.
The temple's sacred walls yet shew,
How near the rocks my vessel flew;
For high suspended, all may see,
Moist vestments offered there by me—
To Neptune, monarch of the sea.

Aratus.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Enigmatical list of Bachelors in Broadway.

1. A pleasant beverage in summer.
2. The distincton of male and female, and a weight.
3. To study— a numerical letter—and a stove, transposing two letters.
4. A lofty title.
5. Three fiifths of what lovers prize, and two thirds of a definite article.
6. To close, and a vowel.
7. Two thirds of the ocean, and three fourths of a rope.
8. A soft vegetable substance with inserting a letter.
9. A trade.
10. The art of making some kind of liquor, and to move, changing a letter.
11. To warm wine,— and, whoever, wherever, whatever.
12. A man's christian name, and a male child.

J. F.

A solution of the above is requested for our next number.

A Double Entendre.

A city fop, with haughty walk,
Would often o'er the Batt'ry stalk.
One day, in boots that might surpass
The reflexivity of glass,
When stepping o'er our Broadway street,
A pup came barking at his feet;
A stander by observed the play,
And wonder'd why the pup should bay,
A boy replied, with wit accute,
"He sees a puppy in the boots."

THE PAIN OF ABSENCE.

How hard is absence to be borne,
When hope the lover flies!
How burns his bosom to return!
Yet fate his wish denies.

Deep fix'd within his labouring breast,
His empire, Love maintains;
There the dear image once impress'd,
Unsullied still remains.

Each relic now, with zealous care
Preserv'd its value knows;
Each gift, presented by his fair,
A comfort now bestows.

Oh! may not e'er this hopeless love
Her heart like his distress;
From her, kind heav'n such pains remove!
'Twill make him feel them less.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.

Letters, *post paid*, enclosing the amt will be strictly attended to.

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